10662 bbb 42
1—10

ANECDOTES

OF

THE LAST TWELVE YEARS

OF THE LIFE OF

J. J. ROUSSEAU,

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED

IN THE

JOURNAL DE PARIS,

BY

CITIZEN CORANCEZ,

ONE OF THE EDITORS OF THAT PAPER.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR

JAMES WALLIS, NO. 46, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1798.

ANECDOTES

OF

THE LAST TWELVE YEARS

OF THE LIFE OF

J. J. ROUSSEAU,

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED

IN THE

JOURNAL DE PARIS,

BY

CITIZEN CORANCEZ,

ONE OF THE EDITORS OF THAT PAPER.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR

JAMES WALLIS, NO. 40, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1793.

PREFACE.

THE long dormant controverſy reſpecting the perſonal character of J. J. Rouſſeau, has been recently revived among the French Literati, in all its original vehemence. The immediate occaſion of renewing the conteſt, is a publication which made its appearance a few months ago at Paris, intituled, "*De mes rapports avec* J. J. Rouſſeau, *et de notre Correſpondence, &c. par* J. Duſlaulx." Thoſe who are acquainted with what has been already written upon the life and character of the illuſtrious philoſopher of Geneva, and particularly with the lateſt French edition of his works, need not be told that the Author

of that publication is one of the numerous perſons, whom Rouſſeau admitted to a degree of intimacy for a time, and afterwards diſcarded for ever. The public have long been in poſſeſſion of the grounds of his quarrel with Duſſaulx, and of the letters which he wrote to him, previouſly to their final ſeparation. But, the anſwers to theſe letters having been ſuppreſſed, either by Rouſſeau himſelf, or his editors, Duſſaulx, now bending under a load of years, conceived himſelf juſtified by a due ſolicitude for his own reputation, and the intereſts of truth, in leaving behind him a complete ſtate of the correſpondence, accompanied with ſome particulars of his ſhort intercourſe with Rouſſeau, and with critical obſervations on the whole of his life.

Through the whole of this production the Author profeſſes the moſt affec-

tionate regard for the memory of Rouſſeau; but the principles, by which he attempts to account for the paradoxes, and eccentricities, which marked the ſentiments and conduct of that great genius, are regarded by the few perſonal friends of the latter who are yet living, and by his moſt paſſionate admirers, as not leſs falſe and defamatory, than the moſt malignant aſperſions that ever proceeded from the pen of his moſt declared enemies. It was natural that they ſhould feel themſelves rouſed to the defence of a reputation ſo dear to them, againſt an attack ſo unexpected, after a ſilence of more than twenty years, and made by a man who has ſerved with no mean ſucceſs in the fields of literature. Many of them have, accordingly, formally entered the liſts with Duſſaulx, and combated his poſitions with all the warmth of indig-

nant friendſhip, and in moſt inſtances with the ſucceſsful energy of truth.

But the author of the performance, of which a tranſlation is preſented to the public in the following pages, has proceeded on a ſyſtem ſomewhat different from that of the other antagoniſts of Duſſaulx. Inſtead of indulging himſelf in declamatory eulogies on Rouſſeau's moral and ſocial qualities—reſpecting which alone can there be any conteſt, for his literary pre-eminence is undiſputed —or in venting unqualified invective on Duſſaulx's production, he confines himſelf entirely to a round unvarniſhed tale of facts, uniformly delivered in a tone of the greateſt candour and moderation. So careful, indeed, has he been to avoid the ſtyle of polemical refutation, that Duſſaulx is ſcarcely mentioned, or even alluded to, except in three or four paſ-

ſages,

ſages, through the whole of his intereſting performance. But, notwithſtanding his ſimplicity of manner, and plainneſs of diction, Corancez's little work is regarded by the Pariſian critics, as the ſevereſt of all the anſwers that have been made to Duſſaulx, becauſe its real tendency is to juſtify the ſeverity with which he has been treated in the others.

Duſſaulx can only preſent to the public, on the credit of his own teſtimony, ſome occaſional incidents of an intercourſe of ſix months, by his own confeſſion, not wholly free from reſerve on the part of Rouſſeau. It is only by the feeble and ſcattered light which theſe afford, that he can pretend, with any degree of confidence, to delineate the portrait of that celebrated writer. Corancez, on the contrary, expoſes to their view a twelve years' experience of the

moſt unreſtrained intimacy. This is ſo material a difference, that it muſt diſpoſe them to give him a favourable hearing: And his facts are ſo ſtriking, and ſo judiciouſly adapted to the various topics upon which his friend has been accuſed, that, if he be allowed the merit of common honeſty, his brief narrative muſt be regarded as a deciſive refutation of Rouſſeau's calumniators, and as having done more "to lay open his inmoſt ſoul and the ſpring of all his actions," than all the volumes with which the preſs has teemed upon the ſubject, for theſe thirty years paſt.

As this pamphlet may fall into the hands of many, who are ſtill unacquainted with the circumſtances of Rouſſeau's quarrel with Duſſaulx, for their more perfect comprehenſion of the few paſſages in which it is alluded to by Corancez, it

may be proper to preſent them with the following ſhort ſtatement of its origin and progreſs, to a final ſeparation.

Duſſaulx, about ſix months after the commencement of his acquaintance with Rouſſeau, propoſed one day to read to him the portrait of a hypocrite, which, he ſaid, he had juſt executed from nature. He proceeded without interruption, till he reached the concluſion of the following paſſages: "Hypocrites in general ſoon lay themſelves open to detection; but the hypocrite, whom we are now deſcribing, ſecured himſelf on all ſides; to each of his vices he could oppoſe inſtances of the practice of the contrary virtues . . . . . He talked a great many fine things, in a ſtrain no leſs affecting, than that in which the illuſtrious J. J. Rouſſeau has ſince written upon morals and education."

The

The paleneſs which overſpread Rouſſeau's countenance, on hearing the firſt ſentence, indicated that his ſuſpicions were alarmed. He endeavoured, however, to ſtifle the impreſſion which it ſt had made. But, Duſſaulx had no ſooner pronounced the latter, than, unable to repreſs his riſing indignation, he exclaimed, "Is it thus, Sir, that you deſign to treat me in your work?" The author apologized for his indiſcretion, and attempted to appeaſe him, by promiſing to eraſe it. Rouſſeau refuſed the proffered attonement, and added, "Let us ſee each other no more, until a change takes place. I ſhall write to you in a few days, and, in the mean time, I ſhall leave you to your own conſcience."

The announced letter was delayed only two days. It was far from being a definitive

definitive diſmiſſal; on the contrary, it ſpoke only the language of moderation. "I am ſtill aſtoniſhed," ſays Rouſſeau, "that you could entertain the idea of aſſociating me in the work in which you are engaged, with an abominable miſcreant, who uſes the maſk of virtue as an inſtrument of vice, while her charms are no leſs alluring in his diſcourſe, than they are repreſented in my writings. It has always been, and ſtill is my opinion, that the man who wiſhes to make virtue be beloved by others, muſt ſincerely love her himſelf."

"After having ſo often, and in ſuch fine terms, told me that you perfectly eſteemed and honoured me, &c. . . . . I might well ſay a great deal more on the ſubject, but I ſhall ſtop here for the preſent. Here, Sir, is a ſuſpicion, which I have felt with ſorrow, riſing in my breaſt,

breaſt, and which has increaſed to a degree which is no longer tolerable. I declare it to you with my ordinary frankneſs, from which, whatever injury it may have already done, or may yet do me, I ſhall never deviate. I give you a full diſcovery of my ſentiments; make a like diſcovery of yours, that I may know with certainty what you think of me."

Duffaulx inſtantly complied with this requeſt; but, his anſwer was ſtill regarded as unſatisfactory. Two billets, and two letters, were interchanged with as little effect. Rouſſeau's ſuſpicions were as ſtrong as ever, but he was not yet inclined to break off his intercourſe with Duffaulx. "One ought to deliberate maturely," ſays he in his billet, "before throwing off ſuch an acquaintance as you." In the letter which followed,

followed, he thus expreſſes himſelf; "You are at liberty to ſee me or not as you chooſe; but, as to intimacy, I ſhall have no more of it with any body; unleſs, contrary to all appearance, I ſhould accidentally find, what I have ceaſed to look for, a man of juſtice and truth ..... I have laid open my heart to you, it is your buſineſs to conſult yours ..... I wanted a lodging; you wiſhed to have me for a neighbour, and almoſt as a conſtant gueſt. This was kind and friendly; but I perceived that you courted my ſociety too much; you were too eager to gain my affection; you have produced the contrary effect. You imagined that I liked good dinners; you believed that I was fond of praiſe. Notwithſtanding the pomp of your expreſſions, every thing convinced me that I was not well known by you. A

number

number of circumſtances, which it would be difficult and tedious to expreſs, but which were ſtrikingly remarkable, informed me that there was ſomething concealed under your careſſes, and every thing has tended to confirm my obſervations.—The article which you have read to me, has completely opened my eyes. The more I have reflected upon it, the leſs natural have I found it in my ſituation, upon the part of a well-wiſher. ..... You conceived that you could dupe me by the epithet *illuſtrious*. Ah! you were far from perceiving how much dearer to me is the reputation of a man of goodneſs, juſtice and veracity, which I preſerved for forty years, and which I never deſerved to loſe, than all that literary glory of which I have ſo ſeverely felt the inſignificance." To this letter Duſſaulx wrote a very ſhort and

dry

dry anſwer, which finally broke off all correſpondence and connection with Rouſſeau.—

The title page announces, that Corancez's account of Rouſſeau firſt appeared in the Journal de Paris; from which its ſcattered parts were ſoon collected into a pamphlet. A little time after its publication in that ſhape, he received a letter from the widow of Rouſſeau, diſproving his conjectures reſpecting the manner of her huſband's death. This letter was immediately publiſhed in his journal; and a very few days afterwards appeared in the ſame paper, the ſhort note of Girrardin, reſpecting his adminiſtration of her huſband's effects. A tranſlation of both theſe documents is preſented to the reader in an Appendix.

dry answer, which finally broke off all correspondence and connection with Rousseau.—

The title page announces, that Corancez's account of Rousseau first appeared in the Journal de Paris; from which its scattered parts were soon collected into a pamphlet. A little time after its publication in that shape, he received a letter from the widow of Rousseau, disproving his conjectures respecting the manner of her husband's death. This letter was immediately published in his journal; and a very few days afterwards appeared in the same paper, the short note of Girardin, respecting his administration of her husband's effects. A translation of both these documents is presented to the reader in an Appendix.

ANECDOTES

OF

THE LAST TWELVE YEARS

OF THE LIFE OF

J. J. ROUSSEAU.

I had no ſooner read the correſpondence of J. J. Rouſſeau with Duſſaulx publiſhed by the latter, than I reſolved to make an abſtract of it with the intention of replying to the obſervations which are annexed to it. In the interval, however, I received the excellent communication* of citizen Villeterque; and though his ſentiments did not entirely correſpond with mine, I conceived that I ought not to withold them from the public, as there

* This alludes to a critique highly favourable to Duſſaulx, which appeared in the journal de Paris under the gnature of Villeterque.

ſtill remained for me to execute a taſk ſufficiently important to form the ſubject of a ſeparate publication. I preſume that thoſe who have peruſed this little piece will thank me for having given it the preference.

Through the whole courſe of Duſſaulx's production, it is eaſily to diſcover under the ſeeming adoration which he pays to Rouſſeau, a degree of acrimony of which all who felt the effects of his irritable character have furniſhed him with examples. All, without exception, after being his moſt ardent friends, terminated their intercourſe with inſulting him. This uniformity of conduct in all, announces, that all have been actuated by the ſame principle; and what this was, it is not difficult to diſcern. Their vanity incited them to viſit Rouſſeau, and their vanity was hurt by the manner in which he diſmiſſed them. All, on their admiſſion to his abode, decorated the buſt which they conſidered it an honour to adore, whilſt they themſelves

themſelves were the high Prieſts of the temple; all ſtrove to disfigure the ſame buſt when they could no longer preſerve their domination. It is time that the world ſhould know the real character of a man ſo juſtly celebrated, but, at the ſame time, ſo extraordinary, that, without being able to form the moſt correct opinion of himſelf, he has, notwithſtanding ſaid, "I am not made like any perſon whom I have ſeen, nor indeed like any perſon in exiſtence."

I might begin with aſking Duſſaulx, what object he could have in view by publiſhing this correſpondence, twenty years fater the death of Rouſſeau. Did it proceed from motives of reſpect for Rouſſeau? No! for he endeavours to repreſent him to us in a light, which is far from being favourable. Surely it could not have originated in the fear that the injurious ſuſpicions, which Rouſſeau addreſſed to himſelf only, might be confirmed either in the opinion of his cotemporaries, or

in that of poſterity. His cotemporaries know how to eſtimate the accuſations which have ſo often proceeded from the lips and pen of *J. J. Rouſſeau*; and Duſſaulx has beſides the advantage of poſſeſſing a reputation, which protects him from any fear of that kind. The only other ſource of his anxiety, muſt be poſterity. But, poſterity will ſee nothing of Rouſſeau, but his writings; they will fix their regards only on the bold features of his tranſporting eloquence: they will kindle, at the view of the pictures traced by his animated and glowing pencil, and deriving their origin from a real ſenſibility, and a heart the moſt ſuſceptible of affection; they will love the duties he preſcribes by the manner in which he recommends them, and they will perform them, becauſe it is his deſire that they ſhould do ſo. They will feel themſelves but feebly intereſted in aſcertaining the juſtice of his quarrels, with thoſe whom he had admitted to a degree of ſocial intercourſe.

Duſſaulx, therefore, inſtead of expoſing him to the eyes of the malignant, might, without any apprehenſion of injury to his own character, have thrown his mantle over the man at whoſe ſhrine he ſtill wiſhes to burn incenſe.

I had conſtant and uninterrupted acceſs to Rouſſeau, during the laſt twelve years of his life. The object of my preſent undertaking is not to praiſe or to juſtify him, but to exhibit him in his real character by a continued reference to facts, to which I have been an eye-witneſs.

I wiſh to lay open his inmoſt ſoul to my readers, that they may thus be enabled to judge for themſelves of the ſpring of all his actions. They will ſee that when he was *himſelf*, if I may be allowed ſuch an expreſſion, he poſſeſſed a ſiingular ſimplicity of character, approaching even that of infancy; for he had all its ingenuouſneſs, gaiety, kindneſs and eſpecially its timidity. When he was a prey to the agitations of a certain unhappy humour which ſeemed

to circulate with his life-blood, he was then ſo different from himſelf that he inſpired not anger, nor hatred, but rather pity; ſuch, at leaſt, was the ſentiment with which I long beheld him. It ſerved only to rivet my attachment more cloſely to him; and ſo much did I reſpect him, that to avoid the ſlighteſt diminution of his reputation, I concealed even from my moſt intimate friends, the obſervations which I had an opportunity of making from the frequency of my viſits, and the confidence to which he ſeemed to admit me.

Though it is not my intention to gratify the idle curioſity of my readers, I ought not to omit, in my recital of facts, any thing tending to characteriſe, or to delineate the true phyſiognomy of the perſon, who is the ſubject of them. I ſhall conſequently be obliged to enter into details which may render my intended narrative ſomewhat long. The narrow limit to which I muſt confine myſelf in a journal, is attended with the inconvenience of being

being unable to diſplay the whole of the picture at one view. This inconvenience however, is not ſo great for me as that of writing a book. I ſhall cut ſhort my recital. My facts will be always intereſting to the reader, becauſe they are hitherto unpubliſhed, throw a light on the perſon who intereſts their feelings, and who has been unjuſtly purſued with hatred and calumny, and, in a word, becauſe they explain the enigma of the contradictions which entered into the compoſition of this extraordinary man.

During the whole courſe of my connection with Rouſſeau, I occaſionally ſhared in the effects of his ſuſpicious temper. This I regarded as a tribute, which muſt be neceſſarily paid. But it is very remarkable that my acquaintance with him commenced in the way, in which that of all the others terminated— He was at that time under the neceſſity of copying muſic for a ſubſiſtence; and in the product of this occupation he found

as much as was fully ſufficient for his wants. He copied with an exactneſs which is ſeldom obſerved in thoſe who generally live by this kind of employment; his labours were accordingly paid at a higher rate; and there is no doubt that under this pretext, curioſity drew to his houſe, a multitude of viſitors, who ſupplied materials for his daily and unremitting induſtry.

One of my friends who had been appointed Secretary to the French embaſſy in England, came to ſee me before his departure for that country. I took occaſion to ſtate to him that Rouſſeau had not, for a conſiderable time, received any part of the penſion which had been granted to him by the King of England; that he ſeemed to me, however, to ſtand in need of its continuance, but that I was much afraid ſome malicious perſons had interpoſed ſome obſtacle, which his proud and independent ſpirit diſdained to inveſtigate. I therefore entreated my friend to

make

make thoſe enquiries on the ſubject which his ſituation gave him an opportunity of making, to endeavour to remove any impediment which had ariſen, and to acquaint me with the reſult of his undertaking. Three months after, I received a letter from him, which incloſed a bill of exchange, on a banker in Paris, for the ſum of 6,336 livres. This was the amount of what was then due of the penſion. Nothing more was required of me, than to give him the money, and to take his receipt for it.

The latter circumſtance gave me a great deal of uneaſineſs; for I was apprehenſive that Rouſſeau would not ſubmit to a compliance, even with that ſimple form. I wrote back to know whether the receipt was ſtrictly indiſpenſable. My friend immediately anſwered that I ſeemed to be unneceſſarily ſcrupulous upon the ſubject; but it had been determined, however, that a letter from me, declaring that Rouſſeau had received the money,

would

would be ſufficient,— I mention theſe particulars only to do juſtice to the commiſſioners of the civil liſt of the King of England, who, as it appears from them, were far from wiſhing to throw any difficulty in the way of payment.

Though at firſt tranſported with ſuch complete ſucceſs, I ſoon became ſenſible of the difficulty of the buſineſs, which I had undertaken. There was now, however no poſſibility of retreating. I called at Rouſſeau's; I ſtuttered out—*enemies*—*penſion from the King of England*; and at laſt, I mentioned the bill of exchange, and its amount. Rouſſeau heard me with the utmoſt uneaſineſs, and aſtoniſhment, and immediately aſked, who had charged me with ſuch a commiſſion. I anſwered "my zealous affection for you, was my only prompter; the circumſtance of a friend's ſetting off for England, firſt ſuggeſted the thought, and the benefit which you will derive from it, gives me at this moment the moſt heartfelt ſatisfaction."

tion." "I am of age" replied he "and am capable of managing my affairs, myſelf. I do not know by what fatality ſtrangers think they can conduct them better than I can. I know well that I have a penſion: I received the firſt few years of it with thankfulneſs; and, if I receive it no longer, it is becauſe I do not chooſe to receive it. You, doubtleſs, think that I ought now to inform you of my motives; at leaſt, the part which you have acted in this affair, ſeems to imply that you expect ſuch an explanation. You likewiſe ſuppoſe that I ſhould appoint you judge of theſe motives, and regulate myſelf, by your approbation, or diſapprobation of them. I know not what your real thoughts are upon the ſubject; but this I know, that I am free; and that, if I decline to accept my penſion any longer, it proceeds from motives which will not, perhaps, meet with your approbation, but, which meeting with mine, are ſufficient to determine my conduct.

I had

I had nothing more to do than to break away from him, and to exclaim againſt his ingratitude. I ſhould have found a great number of perſons ready to chant forth the praiſes of my humanity, that they might have an opportunity of deſcanting in a louder tone upon the bad heart, the haughtineſs, and the ingratitude of Rouſſeau. I ſhould likewiſe have had the honour to figure among the number of the victims of a character which was repreſented as ſo deteſtable. On the contrary, I took that courſe which my conſcience, and my conviction dictated. I acknowledged my error; I pleaded my ſincere though indiſcreet wiſh to ſerve him, as an extenuation of my offence; I obſerved to him, that this affair having been tranſacted without his participation, and by one of my friends, would be attended with no diſagreable conſequences on his part, that I ſhould inſtantly return the bill of exchange, and that he ſhould hear nothing more of it. I took leave of him,

him, and ſent back the bill, as I promiſed.

I reflected that my acquaintance with him was but of recent date; and I had not firmneſs enough to appear again in his preſence, until I had firſt prepared the way by means of the perſon who had introduced me to him, and whom he eſteemed on the threefold account of his being a fellow citizen of Geneva, poſſeſſing the firſt rate talents in mechanics, and being a man of the moſt tried integrity. This perſon was my father in law. They talked over the affair: Rouſſeau ſaid, that, like the reſt of his acquaintance, I acted in concert with his enemies. The anſwer of my father in law, was plain and ingenuous. Rouſſeau, at length, admitted that I might not be directly his enemy myſelf, but that it was not improbable his very eager and dexterous enemies had conſidered me as a fit perſon for their purpoſes, and that by abuſing my unſuſpecting honeſty,

honeſty, they had employed me as their agent without my knowing or intending it.

That I may have no occaſion to return to thoſe ſuſpicions, that concerned myſelf perſonally, I ſhall here relate another converſation, which was not attended with more diſagreeable conſequences than the preceding, but which wore, to my apprehenſion, an infinitely more ſerious complexion.

But, before proceeding any farther, I ought to acquaint my readers of a prior anecdote, of which I made a very ſucceſsful application in this ſecond criſis, and which proves, in my opinion, that Rouſſeau was not ſo deeply ſuſceptible of offence, nor ſo difficult of reconciliation, as he is commonly ſuppoſed to have been.

I one day mentioned to him that I had accidentally met with M. Dutems, a very worthy and eſtimable Engliſhman, who had frequently ſeen me at Rouſſeau's, where, however, he had for ſome time diſcontinued

diſcontined his viſits. "He aſked me," ſaid I to Rouſſeau, "whether I *ſtill* continued to ſee you. I confeſs that I was hurt by the word *ſtill*. My anſwer was ſimply this:"—'As I viſit Rouſſeau from motives of affection only, I do not know, why, having once ſeen him, I ſhould not *ſtill* continue to ſee him. He is ſenſible of my reſpect for him; my attachment to him is a pledge of the intentions of my viſits and I therefore, *ſtill* continue to ſee him.'—This word however, added I, has given me matter of ſerious reflexion. I am of a ſanguine temper, and from this very circumſtance, little attentive to forms. It is, therefore, poſſible that from this heedleſſneſs of character, I mayſometimes give you occaſion to entertain ſuſpicions, which mayat firſt have ſome appearance of foundation. I cannot promiſe to change my temper; but as a precaution againſt the effects of it, if you will promiſe never to conceal in your breaſt, nor allow to ferment in your mind, any thoughts

of

of this nature to which I may give riſe—in a word, if you will immediately communicate them to myſelf—I will engage on my part, to give you a prompt and direct ſolution of them, which will always be completely ſatisfactory. If you will undertake this engagement, I am fully aſſured that the word, *ſtill*, of Mr. Dutems, will be of no importance either with you or me. Who would have thought it? Rouſſeau, who was ſo very uncomplying according to general report, acceded to the propoſal, and, joining each others' hands, we ratified the mutual obligation with due ſolemnity.

Sometime after this agreement Rouſſeau propoſed that he ſhould read over to me the whole of the correſpondence which finally cloſed his connexion with Duffaulx. It was the ſame with that which Duffaulx has juſt publiſhed, and which citizen Villeterque has given an account of in this journal. I aſſented to his propoſal. When he had come to

the

the laſt of Duſſaulx's Letters, I aſked him whether there was not an intermediate letter between it and the laſt which he had read of his own. "Why do you ſuppoſe that, ſaid he?" "Becauſe returned I the concluding letter of Duſſaulx's does not ſeem to me to be a direct reply to the laſt of yours, and ....." There is no other, replied he, very warmly, and you are miſtaken." He took up his letters, and I departed.

I went to ſee him again a day or two after: He knit his brows, hardly deigned to look at me, and continued to copy his muſic. I ſpoke a few words of no importance, and my viſit, was very ſhort. I eaſily ſaw that he was diſpleaſed, and that ſomething rankled in his mind: but recollecting the compact we had entered into, I conſidered that he had failed to perform his part of it, and that it was his duty to ſpeak firſt to me, and not mine to put any queſtions to him—I returned a ſecond time: and during this viſit there

was the ſame ſulleneſs on his ſide, and the ſame conduct on mine. Deſirous, however, of terminating a ſtate of things equally diſagreable to me as to himſelf, I entered his apartment for the third time; but having well fixed my plan, I ſpoke not a word as I went in; I ſeated myſelf in ſilence; nor did I attempt to open my lips after I had ſat down. His hands trembled; at laſt, being unable to contain himſelf any longer, "M. de Corancez," ſaid he— "I beg your pardon" ſaid I interrupting him, you have treated me with gloomy ſulleneſs for a conſiderable time; whatever has been the cauſe of your diſpleaſure, you have given it time to ferment in your mind; recollect your convention with me—you have violated your part, but I will perform mine. I am completely ignorant upon what ſubject, or reſpecting what fact you may have to interrogate me. I have promiſed you a prompt and preciſe ſolution of your queſtions, and one that will fully

ſatisfy

ſatisfy you; ſpeak, therefore, for I am ready to anſwer." It is impoſſible for me to deſcribe the ſtate into which he was thrown by this ſhort addreſs. Naturally timid, when he heard himſelf acuſed of forfeiting his word, he exhibited a picture of diſtreſs truly painful to behold; and at that very moment, when I reflected on the man in whoſe preſence I was, I felt aſhamed of the tone of ſuperiority which my ſituation obliged me to aſſume, and at the embarraſſment into which I had thrown him, by compelling him to explain himſelf.

"You have accuſed me" ſaid he "of concealing from you ſome of the letters of my correſpondence with Duſſaulx, and doubtleſs you thought they were ſuch as were unfavourable to my ſide of the queſtion" "Do you refer" ſaid I "to what paſſed between ourſelves alone, or have you been informed that I accuſed you in the preſence of any other perſon? I did not ſay to you—*you have ſome other letters*—I only aſked

if you had any other letter, and you muſt, at the time have underſtood my queſtion in its true acceptation, for you replied—No! there is no other; and you are miſtaken. It follows, therefore, that ſome good friend of yours, or mine, has ſince accuſed me of having ſaid ſo. Now, I certainly think that you might have as well believed myſelf at the time when I mentioned it to you, as liſtened to the accounts which ſtrangers have ſince brought you. One thing, at leaſt you will admit:—If I ever pronounced ſuch an accuſation, I muſt have told a *lie*; for you muſt perceive, that having had no other opportunity of knowing any thing reſpecting the correſpondence than from yourſelf, ſuch an aſſertion would, on my part be an act, not merely of indiſcretion, but of deliberate falſehood. But no one pronounces a deliberate falſehood, without having ſome object to accompliſh by it; and in the preſent caſe, the object would be to injure you, and to favour Duſſaulx. You ſhould reflect,

reflect, however, that I am not at all acquainted with Duſſaulx, and that I have never ſeen him but once, when yourſelf pointed him out to me at the Thuilleries. You muſt therefore go the length of ſuppoſing that I have invented a falſehood in favour of a man, whom I doubtleſs eſteem on account of his reputation, but of whom I have not the ſmalleſt acquaintance, againſt you whom I love and reſpect and who treat me with kindneſs. You muſt ſee that it is impoſſible this ſuppoſition ſhould be true."

"Were you now to aſk my opinion reſpecting the ground of your quarrel with Duſſaulx, and particularly reſpecting the charge of his being among the number of your enemies, I would frankly anſwer, that he is no more guilty of the intentions you aſcribe to him, than I am; every thing diſproves the ſuppoſition. You have reaſon to reproach him, and he ought to reproach himſelf, with great want of attention, and even of judgment, in the

raſh compariſon which ſo juſtly ſhocked you. I think he might have ſafely made ſuch an acknowledgement, in his anſwer to the laſt of your letters, and even have derived from it ſome arguments deciſively victorious, as to the origin of your quarrel. But you will never be able to perſuade me that he knowingly wiſhed to hurt your feelings: and ſo ſtrong is my incredulity in this reſpect, that were Duſſaulx himſelf to tell me to-day that I have been deceived, and that he is really your enemy, I would ſay to his face that he lied."

Rouſſeau made no anſwer. After a few words on the neceſſity of my departure, I went away; nor did I ever after learn that he retained the ſlighteſt trace of reſentment againſt me. My readers will make their own comments on the two preceding facts, which throw much light on the real character of Rouſſeau, and are proofs of the eaſineſs of

of temper which he ſometimes diſplayed in his ſocial relations.

I have ſtated that he poſſeſſed a ſimplicity bordering on the character of infancy. On going to ſee him, one day, I found him joyful, walking up and down his chamber with large ſtrides, and proudly eyeing every thing that it contained. "All theſe are my own," ſaid he.—(It ſhould be obſerved, that this all conſiſted of a bed with coarſe cotton curtains, a few ſtraw-bottomed chairs, a common table, and a ſcrutoire of walnut-tree.) "How were they not your own yeſterday?" ſaid I, "I have long ſeen every thing that is here in your poſſeſſion."—"Yes, Sir," rejoined he, "but I was in debt to the upholſterer for them, and it is only this morning that I completely paid him off." He ſeemed to enjoy his few articles of furniture with much more real ſatisfaction, than the wealthy proprietor, who frequently

knows not the one half of what he poſſeſſes.

At another time when I went to ſee him, there was ſuch a ſmile on his countenance, and he had ſuch a loftineſs of air, that I ſcarcely knew him at firſt ſight. He roſe from his ſeat, ſtrutted about, and clapping the fingers of his right hand upon his fob, he made the money in it gingle. You ſee, ſaid he to me, that I have a *crural hernia*; but I am no wiſe anxious to get rid of it. He then told me that he had juſt received twenty crowns for copying ſome pieces of muſic.

I have ſaid that he was good-natured. —A young and very handſome Engliſh lady, who was a friend of my wife, had long expreſſed a deſire of ſeeing Rouſſeau. As I had long made it an inviolable rule that I ſhould never introduce any perſon to him, it was impoſſible for me to gratify her curioſity. One day, however, I had to carry with me to his houſe, one

of

of my children, who was yet too young for him to have known her; as he requeſted to ſee them all one by one, that he might enjoy the pleaſure, he ſaid, of tracing in them the virtues of their mother. The young Engliſh girl was in my houſe at the time. I propoſed to her to dreſs herſelf as a nurſe, and to take charge of the infant. She embraced the propoſal with a tranſport of joy, put on the nurſe's apron, took up the child, and went along with me. I have already mentioned that this nurſe was handſome, but I ſhould have added, that her appearance was far from being vigorous. I took advantage of this circumſtance to amuſe myſelf a little. I commanded the nurſe to keep the child in ſuch or ſuch a poſition, to walk or ſit down with it, as I pleaſed, being well aſſured that ſhe would obey me. Rouſſeau entered into diſcourſe with her, and expreſſed a regret that ſhe had been obliged to accept a ſituation, the fatigues of which ſeemed

to

to be beyond her ſtrength. He deſired Madame Rouſſeau to make her taſte ſomething; and ſhe was very well entertained. Madame Rouſſeau, told me on the following day, that ſhe had remarked with pain, and indeed with ſurprize, that I had too little conſideration for the delicate frame of the nurſe, and that I ſpoke to her with too much harſhneſs.

I ſee ſeveral of my readers ſmile at quoting this inſtance of his goodneſs, and deſire me to recollect that the girl was handſome. But to a man of Rouſſeau's age and temper, that circumſtance does not, in my opinion, appear at all neceſſary to have excited his ſenſibility.—I proceed to another inſtance.

Moroſe to the laſt degree, when he entertained againſt any of his company, thoſe antipathies which were awaked in him by the jarring chord of his enemies, he was extremely careful not to wound the feelings of thoſe, with whom, for the

moment

moment at leaſt, he conceived it was ſafe for him to follow the movements of his heart. He had, for a long time, ceaſed to bid me ſtop to dine with him; and he was afraid leſt I ſhould draw any falſe concluſion from this circumſtance—"I do not aſk you to dine with me," ſaid he, one day, "becauſe my circumſtances no longer permit me. Trifling as might be the expence which your company would occaſion, ſtill we ſhould be forced to retrench it by denying ourſelves ſome of the neceſſaries of life." I attempted to reply, but he continued.—"The reaſon why I thus inform you of my ſituation is, that you may not attribute this change in my conduct, to any change in my ſentiments reſpecting you." Then relaxing into a ſmile: "I like," ſaid he, "to drink at my repaſts, a certain quantity of pure wine. At firſt, I thought that I might make an equal partition between my dinner and ſupper, of the quantity which I could afford to drink, but being

being too ſmall to admit of diviſion, the reſult was, that at neither of my two meals had I what was neceſſary. I have, therefore, adopted another plan; I drink water at one of them, and I reſerve the whole of my wine for the other."

How much will my attentive readers diſcover in this laſt inſtance? What goodneſs, what candour and what ſuperiority over the reſt of mankind, whether in accommodating himſelf to the events of fortune, or in knowing how to eſtimate them, by ſhewing that there is nothing in them worthy of concealment! The univerſal blame which he has incurred by refuſing the preſents offered to him, proves only that there are few perſons who contemplate fortune in the ſame light in which he viewed her. Learn how to compound matters with her, and to drink water at one of your meals, that you may be able to drink wine at the other; and this refuſal will then appear, neither ſo extravagant, ſo

haughty,

haughty, nor even ſo heroic. You may then, alſo, make the ſame reply which he gave, to one who went ſo far as to queſtion him upon this ſubject:—"*I am poor, it is true, but my neck is not galled with the yoke of dependence.*"

I have further ſtated, that he poſſeſſed a gaiety of diſpoſition. A hundred times have I had occaſion to remark this quality in him to a degree, which alone might have conſtituted the happineſs of his life. But the malady, the ſeeds of which were born with him, terminated in almoſt entirely annihilating it, and in rendering him the moſt miſerable of men. If my perſonal ſatisfaction only were concerned in the relation, with what complacence would I dwell upon thoſe anecdotes which preſent him to my remembrance in a happy temper. But, beſides that, they would carry me beyond the narrow compaſs to which I have confined myſelf, my readers would probably think

that

that I entertained them too long with puerilities.

I ſhall, therefore, take no notice of the gaiety of ſeveral of our little repaſts, nor of detached paſſages of our converſations. I ſhall confine myſelf to a ſingle fact.

All my readers muſt have heard of the cruel accident which happened to him at la butte de Meſnil Montant. M. de Saint Fargeau's large Daniſh dog, ruſhing along with the ſwiftneſs of a cannon ball, to overtake his maſter's coach, paſſed between the legs of the unfortunate Rouſſeau, who fell forwards on the pavement, without having time to ſupport himſelf with his hands. The fall was ſo much ſeverer, as he pitched down the declivity conſiderably more than his own length. I flew to ſee him the next morning. On entering his chamber I perceived a ſmell of fever truly alarming. He was in bed—I approached

proached the bed-ſide; and never ſhall I forget his appearance. Beſides that the whole of his face was greatly ſwelled, and conſequently very much disfigured, he had covered over with ſmall pieces of paper, the hurts which he had received on his lips. Theſe hurts were up and down, ſo that the ſlips of paper, extended from his noſe to his chin. My alarm correſponded to the horror of his appearance. In giving me an account of the accident, I was very much pleaſed to find that he laid no blame on the dog. It would doubtleſs have been very different had the affair happened to him from one of the human ſpecies: in the latter, he would have inſtantly diſcovered an enemy who had long meditated the miſchievous blow; whereas, in the dog, he ſaw only an animal, who, ſaid he, endeavoured to take the proper direction to avoid me, but by attempting to do ſomething on my part alſo, I threw myſelf in his way; he took a better courſe

than

than I did, and I am punished for my folly." It is essential to the object I have in view, to repeat the observation, that it was impossible he could be in a condition more afflicting and dangerous; for the fever upon him proved that his whole system had been affected by the shock. But the accident was occasioned by a dog. There was no pretence for imputing it to malicious designs and premeditated projects. Under these circumstances, therefore, Rousseau continued what he naturally was, when the chord of his enemies was not in vibration. Never was I less disposed to laugh; and never had Rousseau more occasion to complain. Our conversation, however, took so gay a turn, that poor Rousseau, whose laughter again burst open all the wounds which he had patched over with paper, begged, with the utmost importunity, that I would spare him. I felt the importance and the necessity of complying with his

request

requeſt, and I finiſhed the ſcene by retiring.

His timidity was extreme. I have often ſeen him afraid of children of nine or ten years old, who, from an equal timidity on their part, were reſerved in his preſence. I ſhall abſtain from the pleaſure which I ſhould feel in recording ſeveral inſtances of this part of his character, as they may not be ſo intereſting to the generality of my readers, who have not been in habits of intimacy with him, as they are to me. It is neceſſary however, that I ſhould mention ſome of them; for my preſent object is not ſo much to deliver my own opinion reſpecting Rouſſeau, as to enable my readers to judge for themſelves. His timidity was moſt ſtrikingly remarkable when he propoſed to ſing, in the preſence of his moſt private friends, thoſe pieces of his own compoſition, which he ſubmitted to their judgment.

The reader has already been able to remark that he attached the moſt ſolemn importance to the reſolutions which he once adopted. However trifling their object, he always regarded them as covenants made with himſelf, which he ought no more to fail in performing, than if made with others. This ſeemed to me to have been regarded in his family as a prominent feature of his character.

He had ſpontaneouſly promiſed to ſet to muſic all the words which my wife ſhould at any time ſend to him for that purpoſe. I one day, carried to him, at her deſire, the volume of Letourneur's Tranſlation of Shakeſpear which contains the Tragedy of Othello, and pointing out the paſſage in which are theſe words: *The poor ſoul ſat ſighing by a Sycamore tree, &c.* I mentioned my wife's requeſt that he would ſet them to muſic. I obſerved to him, at the ſame time that to aſſign to theſe words their appropriate character,

it

it was neceſſary to read over the piece. "I am very ſorry for it," ſaid he, "as I have taken a reſolution to read no more." As I well knew his ſcrupulous delicacy with regard to his reſolutions, I replied "that the man who holds himſelf bound to fulfil all his engagements of whatever nature ſhould be careful to enter into as few as poſſible, leſt he involve himſelf in contradictory obligations, one of which he muſt neceſſarily violate. You have reſolved with yourſelf to read nothing, yet you have promiſed to my wife to ſet to muſic all the words that ſhe ſhould ſend to you. She has now ſent you ſome, which require that you ſhall read a tragedy. You are, therefore, under the neceſſity of violating your engagement with yourſelf, or your engagement to my wife; you have only to make your option." I knew beforehand, the effect which this argument would produce on his mind. He meditated for a moment, and then, taking

hold of the book, "give it me," ſaid he; "I will read it."

My readers are, doubtleſs, convinced of the great importance of ſtating facts, as they paſſed, and with all their circumſtances, to enable them to form juſt concluſions reſpecting the man, whoſe real character they wiſh to eſtimate—He ſoon after informed me that the muſic was completed, and nothing was wanting but that my wife ſhould, according to their previous agreement, give herſelf the trouble of going to hear it, for the purpoſe of approving or rejecting it. He had compoſed two different airs for the verſes; my wife was to choſe between them, or to reject both. In the latter caſe he deſired me to tell her, that he would enter upon a third attempt. I went to hear them along with my wife, a woman the moſt unobtruſive of her ſex, eſpecially on ſuch an occaſion, and herſelf extremely timid. He placed himſelf before his little

little ſpinnet, but in ſuch a ſtate of agitation, that his fingers trembled on the keys, and his voice could not bring out a note. He coughed, he ſighed, and threw himſelf into violent motions; he aſſured us, however, that this trepidation would be ſoon over. At length he ſucceeded in ſinging the two airs; and my wife preferred the one which is contained in the collection of his ballettes, publiſhed after his death. This air is exquiſitely adapted to the true expreſſion of the ſituation in which the words are introduced by Shakeſpeare. may I be permitted to remark on this occaſion, that it is probable that Citizen Ducis, author of the excellent Tragedy of Othello was not acquainted with this air of Rouſſeau's; for if he was, he would certainly have adopted Letourneur's tranſlation, that it might be ſung on the ſtage. He would have had the advantage of aſſociating himſelf with Shakeſpeare and Rouſſeau, would have gratified the public with that excellent production, and

given additional effect to the pathos of the ſcene by the natural and melting expreſſion of the muſical compoſition.

I remarked in Rouſſeau a quality very rarely met with, and which one would hardly ſuppoſe him to have poſſeſſed, from the ill humour which he ſo frequently vented on every thing around him. Through the whole twelve years of my intimacy with him, I never heard him ſpeak ill of any body whatever. In mentioning certain perſons, it often happened that he ranked them in the number of his enemies; and upon this point which I ſhall examine a little in the ſequel, it would have been utterly in vain to contradict him. But even on theſe occaſions never did he, in my preſence at leaſt enter into any explanation reſpecting them, either by imputing to them particular acts of malice, or by indulging himſelf in abuſive epithets. A convincing proof that, when he did not view his object through this unfortunate medium,

his true character regained its aſcendancy is, that on eſtimating theſe ſame perſons by the ſtandard only of their intrinſic and real merit, not only did he do them full juſtice, but he even maintained his opinion reſpecting them, with a great deal of warmth.

As a proof of this aſſertion, I ſhall ſtate only two facts, which relate to two of the moſt declared detractors of his character, and will therefore eaſily induce the reader to believe that he behaved in the ſame manner, in regard to the reſt of his enemies.

The hatred which Diderot bore him is well known. After praiſing him one day to Rouſſeau, I added that there was yet one important fault of which he might be accuſed, that of not being in every inſtance intelligible to others, and probably in ſome places not very intelligible to himſelf. "You ſhould remember" ſaid Rouſſeau "in talking of the writings of Diderot, that if there be ſome things in them difficult of comprehenſion, the fault

is not always that of the author. This is the only harſh expreſſion which he ever uſed to me. My readers, I hope, will ſee that I am only what I wiſh to be, a faithful hiſtorian. But I declare that this reply inſtead of hurting my feelings, gave me the moſt lively pleaſure; in it Rouſſeau appeared, as I could have wiſhed he had always been.

On the day following that on which Voltaire was crowned in the *Theatre Francais*, and which was but a ſhort time before the laſt day of the co-exiſtence of theſe two great men, one of thoſe perſons who have the art of inſinuating themſelves every where, intending doubtleſs to pay court to Rouſſeau, gave him an account of the coronation in my preſence, and indulged himſelf in thoſe pleaſantries upon it, which might be expected from a man of this deſcription. "How" ſaid Rouſſeau, warmly, "can you preſume to condemn the honours paid to Voltaire in a temple of which he is the God, and by

Prieſts

Prieſts who, for fifty years paſt, have lived by his maſter pieces! Who elſe would you have crowned there?" This fact does not ſtand in need of compariſon to make itſelf felt.

I ſhould further obſerve, that, juſt towards his enemies, he ſhewed the greateſt indulgence for writers in general. Often did he repeat to me, that a reader ought to fix his attention only on what he thinks good in a book. "If the author" ſaid he has given you two pages only in which you find either pleaſure or inſtruction, you ought to thank him for them, and to paſs over, without ſaying a word, the parts which diſpleaſe you.

He ſpoke but very ſeldom of his own productions; and was never the firſt to introduce the ſubject. He never expreſſed himſelf in my hearing, with any warmth of intereſt reſpecting them, except in regretting the loſs of the manuſcript of a new edition of Emilius, which he voluntarily deſtroyed on an occaſion which

which will be mentioned in the ſequel. In this he had incorporated a part of the ideas, which he had been unable to introduce into the firſt, on account of the ſuperabundance with which his imagination then teemed. Inſtead of rejecting them, however, he noted them down as he went along, on ſeparate ſheets of paper which were reſerved for a new edition. It alſo contained a parallel between private and public inſtruction, which, he ſaid, was eſſentially neceſſary to a treatiſe upon education, but which was wanting in Emilius. He ſometimes ſpoke of himſelf with an ingenuouſneſs, which equally ſuprized, and delighted me. He, one day, told me, that after publiſhing his diſcourſe on the Sciences, &c. Madam Dupin de Francueil, with whom he then lodged, talked to him one evening by her fire-ſide of the effect which the work had produced on the public, "but who" ſaid ſhe, "M. Rouſſeau, could have expected this

this of you." Readers, remember that it is from himſelf, I received this Anecdote.

He told me alſo that Cardinal de Bernis had made the moſt careful reſearches, both in the office for Foreign affairs, and in Italy, in queſt of the correſpondence which took place during the time that Rouſſeau was his ſecretary of embaſſy. "But he did not diſcover a ſingle letter of it," ſaid Rouſſeau, "and I could have aſſured him of that before hand."

Before I conduct my readers to that time when I ſhall be forced to exhibit Rouſſeau in a very different ſituation from that in which I have now repreſented him, I requeſt their permiſſion to ſtop a little, for the purpoſe of ſhewing them that this extraordinary man never did any thing, but when compelled to it, by an irreſiſtible impulſe. My readers have for ſometime ſeen him a Copyer only of muſic; but he was ſoon ſeized with the rage of compoſing in it. In like manner,

manner, it is generally known, that until his fortieth year, he poſſeſſed but a very ordinary reputation, either for literature or philoſophy; and that ten years of an uninterrmitted, and, as he often told me, ſleepleſs fever of compoſition, placed him, from his productions, in the rank of the moſt eloquent writers, the pureſt moraliſts, and the moſt enlightened philoſophers. During the period of his ardour for muſical compoſition, he exerciſed over me, a kind of deſpotiſm, which it is curious to relate. I may mention it without any inconvenience, as I certainly do not figure in it to the beſt advantage.

Almoſt frantic with his eager proſecution of compoſition, he one day requeſted me to furniſh him with words for a duet. I proteſted to him my inability, but to no purpoſe. On every viſit he repeated the ſame demand, and in a tone which give me to underſtand that matters would not always remain in that ſtate. I communicated my embarraſſment to my wife, who

ſarcaſtically

ſarcaſtically replied, "to effect a radical cure of that diſorder I know only one remedy—make him a few verſes immediately and run with them to him, and it is a thouſand to one that he will never trouble you for any more." With whatever miſchievous pleaſantry, this advice was delivered, I was myſelf well convinced that there was no other courſe for me to take. I accordingly wrote a duet between *Tircis and Dirce*, for which may God pardon me. Quite elated with my ſucceſs, I was curious to ſee with what countenance he ſhould read it; and I expected that it would abſolve me from all further demands of the kind. He received my duet, read it, thanked me for it, and ſet it to muſic. It is very ſingular, that notwithſtanding the inſignificance of this petty dialogue, the muſic which he has given it is charming. It is publiſhed in the collection of his ballettes.

Far from being diſguſted with it as my wife and myſelf expected, he told me that

that he wiſhed to have a recitative from me. It was not now a ſimple duet which I had to furniſh, but a ſcene containing ſome ſubject of recitative, and two airs, and concluding if poſſible, with a duet. I ſuſpected, for a moment, that he intended to make a fool of me. To do him juſtice, however, I believe that he was ſo tranſported himſelf, with his enthuſiaſtic paſſion, for muſical compoſition, that he did not perceive my embarraſſment, otherwiſe he would have had pity on me. My wife who ſtill made merry with my diffiulties, encouraged me with all her eloquence to proceed.

Being well acqainted with the Romance of Daphnis and Chloe, of which I had repeatedly read Amyot's Tranſlation, I hoped I ſhould be able to find ſomething in it to ſuit my purpoſe. I reperuſed this performance; inſtead of one ſcene I ſketched out from it the plan of an Opera in two acts, with a prologue and divertiſement, and carried it to him. As it was

not

not very difficult, he was highly delighted with it, and rubbing his hands, "Let us ſet to work," ſaid he. "What," ſaid I, "do you really believe that I am to execute it for you? I have preſented it to you, with the intention of inducing yourſelf to undertake it, if it ſhould meet with your approbation; for you muſt certainly know, that I ſhould never accompliſh it." "You then coldly propoſe," ſaid he, "that I ſhould do your ſhare of the buſineſs; but I think my own part of it enough for me.—Come, come, let us ſet to work." For the moment I felt much dejected, and reſolved that I ſhould not return to him. My wife took the wiſe courſe of no longer laughing at my uneaſineſs. She encouraged me; and urged, that as the performance, in whatever manner executed, would remain entirely between myſelf and Rouſſeau, I could not expoſe myſelf to great riſk.

A ſecond

A ſecond *medecin malgre lui**, I entered on the taſk, but only in detached pieces. As I ſhewed them to him, one by one, he proceeded with the muſical part. In this way, I got through the firſt act; and while he was employed in his overture, I finiſhed the prologue and a part of the divertiſement. He wiſhed to have a trial of his performance, and requeſted that I would aſſemble at my houſe, a few perſons of muſical taſte, but not muſicians by profeſſion, for the purpoſe of a rehearſal. I performed his requeſt. He came, and ſung over the whole act himſelf; he was diſſatisfied with his recitative, and abandoned his part of the work. It may be well ſuppoſed, that I was not inclined to continue my part of it. Notwithſtanding its imperfect ſtate, it was publiſhed after his death, and ſold, I believe, for the benefit of the foundlings.

* A character in Moliere's comedy of that name.

Several

Several perſons have ſince adviſed me to finiſh the piece, and to put it into the hands of an able muſician, who would reſpectfully preſerve all the muſic of Rouſſeau; aſſuring me that I ſhould be ſucceſsful. The name of Rouſſeau would certainly be very favourable to this project; but, being better acquainted both with the merits of my work, and the ſtate of the theatre, than thoſe perſons, I replied in the words of the *Bourgeois gentilhomme*, "there is, through the whole of that opera, a great deal of *mutton*, and the public would probably think, that there is by far too much."—Neither Rouſſeau nor myſelf ever mentioned the ſubject to each other after the night of the rehearſal. I wrote the ballette of Echo, with the intention of introducing it in the divertiſement; he ſet it to muſic, and it has a place in his collection." My readers may truly ſay, that after eſcaping ſafe from the dangers of the open ſea, I narrowly avoided

ſhipwreck in the harbour, during a calm.

I paſs, with regret, from the time when Rouſſeau, though labouring under the effects of his mental diſorder, ſtill enjoyed pretty long intervals, during which the features of his primitive character were not entirely diſtorted. We are now to behold him more ſuſpicious than ever, and anxiouſly ſeeking and diſcovering in circumſtances, apparently the leaſt ſuited to his views, every occaſion to realize thoſe phantoms which aſſailed him on all ſides. His acuteneſs of diſcernment, inſtead of diſpelling them, furniſhed him with arguments powerfully calculated to aid the illuſion. His reaſonings always proceeded from principles, which were, it is true, the offspring of a diſtempered imagination that diſqualified him from cool enquiry, but the conſequences he deduced from them were ſo ſtrictly logical, that it was impoſſible to view, without aſtoniſhment, a

diſplay

diſplay of ſo much ſagacity, and ſo much folly upon the ſame topic.

I cannot give a more juſt idea of his character, than by ſaying that he realized to my mind the poſſible exiſtence of Don Quixote, to whom he bore a moſt marked reſemblance. Each of them had a ſtring of peculiar ſenſibility. When touched, it vibrated, in the one, to knight errantry, and all the extravagancies which accompanied it; and, in the other, it reſounded with enemies, conſpiracies, general coalitions, vaſt plans to deſtroy him, &c. When this ſtring ceaſed to vibrate, the minds of both regained their natural tone. The following facts will afford an evident proof of the juſtneſs of this compariſon.

But, before I proceed to ſtate them, I ſhall take the liberty of remarking, that, if the number of thoſe with whom this infirmity involved him in quarrels, has been conſiderable, it aroſe from their

being ſo much occupied with their own importance, and the correſpondent motives which induced them to court his acquaintance, that they neither ſaw nor wiſhed to ſee the true ſtate of his mind; or, at leaſt, that they were not diſpoſed to reſpect his foible, as they felt no real attachment to him. The conſtancy of his connection with me, if I be permitted to inſtance myſelf, was owing to my ſincere affection for him—an affection which encreaſed in proportion as I perceived how much he was to be pitied—and to the means which himſelf involuntarily compelled me to take, in order to preſerve our mutual friendſhip. But I was not the only inſtance of this conſtancy. I can witneſs, that during the whole of his life, he preſerved an uninterrupted friendſhip, and ſincere reſpect, for the mother of a family, whoſe name her modeſty does not permit me to mention, but whoſe virtues will ſufficiently point her out to her acquaintance. This

friendſhip muſt have doubtleſs been ſupported by the ſame means. He had known her when a girl; and, at that early period, had given her proofs of an affection, which he continued without any intermiſſion after ſhe was married. More anxious to enjoy and improve herſelf by her acquaintance with him, than to boaſt of it, ſhe ſaw him but ſeldom. She ſtudied in ſilent retirement, the maxims with which his productions ſupplied her, for the knowledge of her own duties, and the regulation of her conduct, in regard to the education of a numerous family. Her ſucceſs, in this reſpect, was not unknown to Rouſſeau, and he never forgot her; it pleaſed him, and he often mentioned to me the eſteem which he entertained for her.

I have ſtated that the ſymptoms of his diſorder became daily more and more conſpicuous, and that at length there was nothing ſo trifling, as not to ſupply food

for his ſuſpicions. I now proceed to prove this aſſertion.

I had introduced Gluck to him, on finding that his viſits would not be diſagreeable. He eſteemed the character, and admired the genius of Gluck; and, for a long time, gave him that reception which he merited. One day, however, when Gluck was no wiſe prepared for ſuch a ſtroke of caprice, he obſerved that he was ſorry to ſee a man of his advanced age, crawling up four pair of ſtairs, and warmly requeſted that he would not take that trouble for the future. On the following day I ſaw Gluck, who was ſtill in tears. Under the pretence of feeling a perſonal intereſt in the proceedings of M. Gluck. whom I had introduced to him, I begged to know of what offence he had been guilty. "Would you think it," ſaid he, "M. Gluck, who has always hitherto compoſed in the Italian language, a language ſo well adapted to muſic,

muſic, has now abandoned it for the French language, which is in every reſpect ſo unfavourable to it, merely for the purpoſe of ſurmounting one difficulty. You know, I have affirmed it to be impoſſible to unite good muſic with the French language; and it is clear, that in this attempt he can have no other object than to give me the lie. It was for theſe reaſons, which he regarded as amounting to complete demonſtration, that he determined upon the diſmiſſal of Gluck.

He, one day, aſked me, what the price of peaſe was in the market? I could not tell him. He put the ſame queſtion to a perſon who entered; and he gave him the requiſite information. "Now," ſaid he, "conſider how deep are the machinations of my enemies. They employ, to attack me on all ſides, more thoughts than would be neceſſary to govern all Europe. I pay only ſuch a price for ſmall peaſe. Tell me, if you

can, whence this difference in my favour ariſes."

His *Devin du Village*, was, at one evening brought upon the ſtage, after being long ſuffered to lie dormant. I went to ſee him the next morning, and, imagining that I ſhould highly gratify him, I informed him of the applauſe with which it was received, and the enthuſiaſm with which it was heard. I perceived his countenance reddening with anger. "Will they never ceaſe to perſecute me?" ſaid he. I could not readily comprehend how applauſes were marks of perſecution, and ſtill leſs could I diſcover by what proceſs of reaſoning he arrived at that concluſion. "It is not all ſurptiſing," ſaid he, "that judging by your own ſincerity, you ſhould ſee nothing in applauſe, except applauſe; but you cannot conceive how dextrous are my enemies, and how eager to deſtroy me. At firſt they inveighed againſt this opera, but finding that the public perſiſted

perſiſted in their approbation of it, they have changed their batteries, and circulated a report that I had ſtolen it. You muſt ſee, that it was then important to their views to beſtow praiſe on it, that they might give additional effect to the charge of plagiariſm; and they now proceed in the ſame courſe.

We thus ſee, that not only did his ſuſpicions multiply, and derive freſh aliment from every circumſtance, however trifling or remote; but likewiſe that the reaſons upon which he attempted to juſtify them, ſometimes aſſumed the character of real madneſs. I proceed to the proof this part of my deſcription.

I had long obſerved a ſtriking change in his appearance; he was often in a ſtate of convulſive agitation, which ſo diſtorted his features that I ſcarcely knew them, and imprinted on the whole of his figure, an expreſſion truly horrible. In this ſtate, his view ſeemed to embrace

the

the immenſity of ſpace; his eyes appeared to ſee every thing at the ſame moment, but in fact they ſaw nothing. He turned round upon his chair, and flung his arm behind it; and thus ſuſpended, it aſſumed the vibratory motion of a pendulum. I firſt remarked this ſingular alteration, more than four years before his death; ſo that I had all the intervening period to ſtudy its nature and complexion. When I ſaw him take this poſture on my entering his chamber, my heart bled for him, and I was prepared to hear him utter the wildeſt extravagancies. In this expectation I was never diſappointed. It was in one of theſe afflicting moments that he talked to me reſpecting the death of Louis XV. This anecdote is publiſhed by Duſſaulx in his correſpondence. Obſerving his lengthened ſighs, accompanied with every ſymptom of the deepeſt ſorrow upon that event, I could not avoid expreſſing my aſtoniſhment that it ſhould ſo much

afflict

afflict him. "According to your avowed principles of morality," ſaid I, "I ſhould imagine that in no point of view, whether as the father of a family, or as a king, ought the fate of Louis XV. to intereſt you ſo deeply. His profligate manners, and criminal indolence, have produced nothing but calamity."—"You do not perceive," replied he, "how his death particularly concerns me." For mankind in general, the death of this prince may be a benefit. Reflect that he was generally hated; without deſerving it, as he did, I laboured under the ſame misfortune. The general hatred was thus divided between us; but I only am now left to bear the weight of the whole." I have met with perſons fooliſh enough to impute this abſurd fancy to pride. I ſhall ſoon ſhew them its true ſource.

I ſhall finiſh this painful part of my recital, with the following fact only; which, in conjunction with the former, will

will demonſtrate, in the cleareſt manner, the deplorable ſtate into which he had fallen: On my going to ſee him one day, he threw himſelf into the attitude which I have already deſcribed. "Do you know," ſaid he, "why I have ſuch a marked preference for Taſſo?" "No," replied I, "but the reaſon is, probably, that Taſſo, uniting the moſt fertile imagination and the moſt ſplendid richneſs of poetic expreſſion, to the advantage of coming after Homer and Virgil, has profited by the beauties, while he has avoided the faults, of both theſe great men." "There is doubtleſs ſomething in that," rejoined he; "but I muſt inform you, that he has predicted my misfortunes."—Readers, obſerve him ſtill harping on his misfortunes.—I attempted to ſpeak, but he interrupted me. "I know," ſaid he, "that you will tell me Taſſo lived long before I was born, and how then could he have any knowledge of my misfortunes? I cannot pretend to

aſcertain

aſcertain that, and probably he knew nothing of them himſelf; yet he has certainly foretold them. Obſerve that, Taſſo is ſingular in this reſpect, that you cannot take away a ſtanza from his work, a ſingle verſe from his ſtanza, nor a word from his verſe, without deſtroying the whole poem; ſuch was the preciſion of his diction, and his care to exclude every thing that was unneceſſary. But the ſtanza which foretels my misfortunes is an exception; you may take it away, and the poem will ſtill remain perfect. It has no connection either with what precedes or follows it, and is wholly unneceſſary. It is to be preſumed, that Taſſo wrote it involuntarily, and without comprehending it himſelf. Its meaning, however, is clear." He then recited to me this miraculous ſtanza; but as I am unacquainted with the Italian language, its ſituation in the poem did not particularly ſtrike me. All that I remember is, that it is ſpoken by Tancred in

the

the canto of the enchanted foreſt, or at leaſt, that it alludes to him; for Rouſſeau certainly mentioned the name of Tancred.

As he lived a conſiderable time in this melancholy ſtate, it has been pretty generally known, that he became diſordered in his intellect. But his friends and his foes have equally miſconceived the cauſe of this diſorder. His friends have alledged, that the perſecutions excited againſt him by his real enemies, conſiſting of thoſe philoſophers, and others, to whom he had given grounds of diſpleaſure, terminated in heating to madneſs, a mind which already contained the ſmouldering elements of diſtemper. His enemies, on the other hand, have maintained, that pride only was the cauſe of his inſanity. In my opinion, both parties have been wrong. The perſecutions and ſarcaſms which he ſuffered from a great number of philoſophers and men of letters, moſt undoubtedly tended to convince

vince poor Rouſſeau that his chimeras were in ſome meaſure juſtifiable, becauſe they proved to him that he really had enemies. But though his enemies were not few, aſſuredly they were not the original cauſe of his diſorder: it was derived from a different ſource. As to the charge of pride, I never obſerved the ſlighteſt feature of it in his character, during the courſe of twelve years. If this fact be allowed to have any weight, the report that he had required a ſtatue ſhould be erected to his memory, is a moſt palpable falſehood.—But I am now deviating from my plan, if not from my ſubject.

It is certain, that the ſeeds of this dreadful malady accompanied him into exiſtence; and, like all others, it had its returns, its commencement, criſis, and termination. On the ſuppoſition even that, by a careful attention to its progreſs, we ſhould not entirely ſucceed in tracing it up to the period of his birth, a ſingle

a ſingle fact to which all Paris has been witneſs, would be ſufficient to complete the proof.

Subſequently to the death of Rouſſeau a couſin-german of his, a ſon of his father's brother, and conſequently bearing his own name, arrived at Paris from Perſia. He was born in that country, and this was the firſt time he had ever quitted it. He had, therefore, never ſeen, nor had he any communication with Rouſſeau. His Perſian dreſs, and his name ſoon attracted general notice. He was, beſides, poſſeſſed of conſiderable talent, and ſkilled in many languages. It is reported of him, however, that, on being praiſed for his knowledge of ſo great a number of languages, he replied, "I would cheerfully give them all, to know and ſpeak the language only of my couſin."

M. Deſſert one day invited me to dine with this couſin Rouſſeau. We ſat on each ſide of him; I could examine, therefore, only the profile of his face; but ſo ſtrikingly

ſtrikingly did it reſemble that of Rouſſeau himſelf, that I could not keep my eyes off it the whole time. I aſked M. Deleſſert whether he did not alſo obſerve a very ſtrong reſemblance. "So ſtriking does it appear to me, ſaid he, that I am ſometimes alarmed at it, and tempted to believe that this is Rouſſeau himſelf who had ſpread the report of his being buried, that he might afterwards come and hear what we ſhould ſay of him." Doubtleſs M. Deleſſert did not really believe this; for his perſon was much larger than that of Rouſſeau, and, on cloſer inſpection, there were ſome very perceptible differences in his figure. But this firſt impreſſion of his appearance, proves that the expreſſion of their eyes, and what is called phyſiognomy, were abſolutely the ſame — and this is the only kind of reſemblance which deſerves notice.

After remaining ſome time at Paris, he ſet out on his return to Perſia, entruſted with a miſſion on the part of the

government. He went off, accompanied with his wife, in a four-wheeled carriage, drawn by ſix poſt-horſes. When they had reached the foreſt of Fontainbleau, in the very middle of the day, he put his head out of the door, and cried to the poſtillion to ſtop. The poſtillion, probably unable to hear him from the noiſe of the wheels, and the horſes' feet, continued to drive on. He then addreſſed himſelf to thoſe who were paſſing along the road; and they ſtopped the poſtillion for him. He uttered vehement exclamations againſt the poſtillion, and accuſed him of intending, in concert with ſome robbers, to murder him in the foreſt. The people, who diſcovered no appearance of ſuch an intention, heard him with indifference. "Do you not ſee," repeated he, "that he has already turned aſide from the main road, and that he intends to cut my throat?" It was no longer poſſible to make him liſten to reaſon; and he was carried back to Paris. Sometime after,

he

he reſumed his journey, but, without the miſſion which had been confided to him the firſt time.

This is a ſolitary, but ſtrong fact; and there is no doubt, that a cloſer attention to the conduct of this perſon would have diſcovered many others of the ſame kind. It is a freak of madneſs completely in the manner of J. J. Rouſſeau. Both of them believed that enemies, or aſſaſſins, were plotting their deſtruction, and regarded the reſt of mankind as their accomplices and agents. If we add the aſtoniſhing ſimilarity of mien and phyſiognomy, which rendered it difficult to diſtinguiſh them from each other, and their near conſanguinity, it will be no longer doubted that the elements of the ſame diſorder circulated with the blood of both.

When he was in England, and long before I knew him, Rouſſeau had a fit of the ſame kind, and equally ſtrong. It was from his own lips that I had the fact I

am now going to ſtate, and which is ſo much more important, as it the only inſtance in which I ever knew him to have any ſuſpicion of his diſorder, and characteriſe it himſelf by the name of madneſs.

He and I had agreed upon going along with his wife and mine, in a ſmall boat to Mendon, to dine. This deſign was accordingly put in execution. In the courſe of converſation, he told us that he had rather fled from England, than voluntarily quitted it. He took it into his head that Duke de Choiſeul, then prime miniſter of France, endeavoured to get him ſeized, with the intention of putting him in the power of his enemies, or of doing him ſome other miſchief. I do not completely recollect the ſtory. But ſuch was his alarm, that he ſet off without money, and unincumbered with any thing that was not abſolutely neceſſary. Upon this occaſion it was that he burnt the new edition of Emilius, which I have already mentioned, and of which he much regretted

gretted the deſtruction. He had brought away with him a ſilver ſpoon or fork; and he paid his expences by breaking off a piece of it at the different inns where he halted. On reaching Dover, the wind was contrary. In this ordinary occurrence, he diſcovered nothing but a plot, and an order from ſuperior authority, to retard his departure, with the view of gratifying the deſigns of his enemies. Though he could not ſpeak the Engliſh language, he mounted on an eminence and harangued the people, who underſtood not a word he ſaid.—My readers ought not to forget, that it is from Rouſſeau himſelf I had this account.—The wind was, at laſt, favourable, and he departed. He added that he could neither conceal from me, nor from himſelf, that this was a fit of real madneſs.

I have already ſaid too much for my own feelings, and the reſpect which I entertain for his memory: but certainly I have, at leaſt, ſaid enough to leave no

ſhadow of doubt in the minds of my readers, reſpecting the nature of his diſtemper and its real ſource. I ſhould hope that they are now ſufficiently informed, to be capable of explaining, to their own ſatisfaction, the various contradictions of his conduct,—contradictions which have been employed with ſo much advantage to degrade it.—Unhappy condition of humanity! Who is moſt to be pitied, the man whom nature has endowed with a genius capable of enlightening his fellow-creatures, and efficaciouſly contributing to their proſperity, but has deprived of the power of contributing to his own happineſs,—or thoſe who, erroneouſly it may be, but at the ſame time too fatally, confederate with, and ſupport each other in an attempt to aggravate his afflictions?

Here I ought to do juſtice to the memory of a man, whoſe works will ever be an honour to France,—I mean D'Alembert. I frequently met him at the houſe of a third

a third perſon, but I carefully avoided mentioning the name of Rouſſeau, as I knew that he was his declared enemy. After the death of Rouſſeau, however, we often talked of him together. Without attacking him with any direct accuſation, I enabled him to judge fairly for himſelf. He frankly and ſeverely reproached himſelf for the troubles in which he had embroiled Rouſſeau, though he urged his miſtake as an excuſe for his conduct. One day he was ſo deeply affected with the remembrance that he ſhed tears. I will not conceal that they gave me real pleaſure. In my eyes they were alike honourable to the eſtimable genius who ſhed them, and to the man for whom they were poured forth.

I am now come to the moſt melancholy epoch of his life, that of his departure for Ermenonville. My readers will doubtleſs expect ſome details from me reſpecting his death, upon which different opinions have been held. I ſhall gratify

their wiſhes, by a faithful and unmixed ſtatement of facts from which they will form their own concluſions. I ſhall only premiſe that Rouſſeau, who was always repreſented as the victim of his own vanity, was on the contrary, through the whole of his life, a ſacrifice to the vanity of others: Of this truth the attentive reader muſt have been convinced from what has preceded.

We muſt now return to the melancholy ſtate in which we have juſt left Rouſſeau. His diſorder progreſſively increaſed to the laſt moment of his life. I had, for ſome length of time, remarked that he copied leſs than uſual; his finances muſt therefore have ſuffered a proportionable diminution. His wife's health began to be impaired; he often mentioned her ſituation to me, and always in terms of the greateſt anxiety. He had no confidence except in herſelf; without her, he would have conſidered himſelf thrown ſolitary and friendleſs, into the midſt of a world

world of enemies, whom he ſuppoſed to be inceſſantly occupied in plotting the means of his deſtruction.

He, one day, told me that he had taken the advice of a phyſician reſpecting the declining ſtate of Madam Rouſſeau's health, and that he had preſcribed the country air for her, as ſoon as the ſeaſon ſhould become warmer; it being then the beginning of ſpring. He added that his circumſtances did not admit of executing this preſcription. I did not think the moment favourable to offer him a ſmall habitation which I rented at Sceaux.

On my next viſit, however, I mentioned it to him. He replied, that my own wife, who ſuckled all her children herſelf, would have occaſion for it, and that he would not by any means deprive her of it. All my efforts and arguments to procure his acceptance of it, were in vain.—I returned, a ſecond time, to tell him, that an unexpected occurrence would prevent us from going to our uſual reſi-

dence

dence in the country for that ſeaſon, and that I thought I ſhould be able to give him the uſe of it. He ſaid that he was not to be duped by me, and would not accept it. I did not inſiſt upon his aſſent to my propoſal; but after aſſuring him of the truth of what I had ſtated, I went away.—I called upon him a third time, and mentioned the ſubject anew to him, but with an air of indifference.

I ſaid only, that I ſhould be ſorry to have my houſe empty for the ſummer; but that it was certain I ſhould not occupy it myſelf, being under the neceſſity of continuing at Paris. The calm and indifferent air with which I ſpoke probably contributed to deceive him. He then replied, that if he were fully aſſured that I had previouſly entertained no intention of going thither, he would willingly take the uſe of it, as the country about Sceaux was very rich in vegetation, and preſented an agreeable field of botanical amuſement. I again aſſured him of my determination

mination to remain at Paris, and he accepted my offer with every appearance of ſatisfaction. Little did I then ſuppoſe that it was the laſt time I ſhould ever ſee him; had I ſuſpected it in the leaſt, I could not have ſo eaſily prevailed on myſelf to quit him.

I reſolved to adopt the moſt cautious management in my ſubſequent proceedings; and leſt he ſhould entertain a ſuſpicion that I intended to ſeize his perſon, I had determined to poſtpone my next viſit to a longer period than uſual. During this interval M. Girardin, proprietor of the ſuperb gardens of Ermenonville, who was but very lately acquainted with Rouſſeau, and M. Begue de Preſle, a very worthy and amiable phyſician, propoſed that himſelf and Madam Rouſſeau ſhould accept a reſidence in that delightful ſpot. He was already on his way thither, when I called at his houſe. Madam Rouſſeau, who had not yet ſet off, told me that he had gone out; but though

though I sat a considerable time with her, she never mentioned that he had left Paris.

I have since learnt from M. Begue de Presle (for I ought to mention my authorities for those facts which I have not myself witnessed)—that Rousseau had at that time gone out of town for five days only, and that he was to return again to arrange his papers, effects, &c. previously to his complete departure from Paris;—but that it was observed to him, that Madam Rousseau would better manage that business than he could, that it was unnecessary to interrupt the delight which he seemed to feel in his situation at Ermenonville, and that it would subject himself to double fatigue, as he would be obliged to return with Madam Rousseau, who was to leave Paris immediately.

I should have remarked that Rousseau, whom it seemed at first sight so difficult to manage, was, in the hands of strangers,

as

as tractable as an infant. Timid to excefs, he was incapable at the moment of replying to their objections, and he therefore gave them implicit obedience. But his ſuſpicious reflections having full leiſure to operate by the next day, theſe very objections then acquired ſo much more force in his eſtimation, as from brooding over them in ſilence, he affixed to them a character of earneſt deſign which did not belong to them, and always connected them with his uſual chimera of conſpiracy. The furniture being either ſold off or packed up, Madam Rouſſeau ſet off to join her huſband.

I ſhould alſo mention that Madam Rouſſeau's preference for Ermenonville was very natural. Sceaux preſented him a place of reſidence only; and Rouſſeau's finances were now ſo much impoveriſhed as to be inſufficient for the charges of houſekeeping. M. Girardin, M. Begue de Preſle, and Madam Rouſſeau, who looked only to this ſide of

the

the queſtion, did rightly in endeavouring to procure his acceptance of the propoſed plan. The only misfortune was, that they reaſoned with reſpect to Rouſſeau, as they would have reaſoned in regard to any other perſon, without remembering how much he differed from the reſt of mankind.

I longed to have a ſight of my unfortunate friend; but I could not calculate the conſequence of paying him a viſit, and I was afraid to riſk it. The ſilence of Madam Rouſſeau was of itſelf ſufficient to render me circumſpect. I was therefore ignorant of what paſſed, but my mind was filled with boding fears. I one day met at the Opera-houſe a young knight of Malta, whoſe name I do not remember. He had before impreſſed me with a favourable opinion of him, by his anxiety to preſerve his intercourſe with Rouſſeau; at whoſe houſe I had frequently ſeen him.—He accoſted me, and taking me by the hand, ſaid that he had juſt

juſt come from Ermenonville, and wiſhed very much to have ſome private converſation with me.—We went out together. —He told me that Rouſſeau's intellects began to be deranged; the intelligence did not ſurprize me. The young knight added, that Rouſſeau had given him a paper in his own hand-writing, intreating that he would endeavour to procure an aſſylum for him. This paper ought to find a place in the preſent narrative. It is the ſame as that which already appeared in this journal on the 20th July, 1778, the epoch of the death of Rouſſeau. Thoſe of my readers, and I preſume they are many, who have not yet ſeen it, will thank me for inſerting it a ſecond time. I ought to premiſe, however, that it is dated in the month of Febuary, 1777; but Rouſſeau having produced it for the peruſal of the knight of Malta during his viſit to Ermenonville, it may really be conſidered to have two dates, that of Febuary,

Febuary, 1777, and that of June, 1778, the time of that viſit.

" My wife has been long ſickly, and the progreſs of her complaint, which prevents her from attending to the affairs of her little houſhold, renders the ſervices of others neceſſary to herſelf, when ſhe is obliged to keep her bed. I have hitherto attended to, and nurſed her in every illneſs; my advanced age no longer permits me to perform the ſame ſervices. Beſides, the ſuperintendance of our houſhold, ſmall as it is, is not all, the neceſſaries of life muſt be purchaſed without doors, they muſt alſo be dreſſed; and every thing is to be kept clean *. Unable to perform all theſe offices myſelf, I have been forced to endeavour to afford a ſervant to my wife. Ten

* On this paſſage is the following note: " My deplorable ſituation, of which no other can form a conception, not even thoſe who have reduced me to it, oblige me to enter into theſe details."

months

months experience has convinced me of the inſufficiency, and the unavoidable, and, indeed, intolerable inconvenience of of this reſource, in a ſituation like ours. Reduced to the neceſſity of living alone, and yet, unable to diſpenſe with the aſſiſtance of others, in our infirm and forlorn condition, there remains only one mode of paſſing the age of our days; and that is, to obtain ſome aſylum where we might ſubſiſt at our own charge, but free from any laborious exertion, to which our ſtrength is no longer equal, and unincumbered with details and cares which we are now incapable of ſuſtaining. In every other reſpect—in whatever manner I am to be treated, whether I am kept in formal confinement, or in a ſtate of apparent liberty—whether I am to live with perſons good, or ill-natured, deceitful or ingenuous (if there ſtill be any ſuch in exiſtence)—I ſhall conſent to every thing, provided my wife receives thoſe aſſiduities which her ſituation re-

quires, and that to the laſt of my days I am to be allowed ſhelter, the moſt ſimple clothing, and the plaineſt food, without the neceſſity of troubling myſelf with any thing. For this accommodation we are willing to part with all our ready money, effects, and annuities, which, I hope, will be eſteemed a reaſonable compenſation, in ſome of the provinces where proviſions are cheap, and in houſes appropriated to this mode of living, where the reſources of economy are known and practiſed; eſpecially when it is conſidered that in all caſes I will cheerfully ſubmit to a treatment proportioned to my means."

This tender hearted young man, who had a ſincere attachment for Rouſſeau, ſhed a flood of tears, as he mentioned his unfortunate condition. He added, that he had offered Rouſſeau the choice of eſtabliſhing his future reſidence in either of two ſeats, which he had in Picardy and Normandy—both, to the beſt

beſt of my remembrance, or at leaſt one of them, ſituated on the ſea-coaſt; where he might ſpend the remainder of his life in his wiſhed-for retirement, as the knight himſelf never occupied any of them. "I do not deſpair, ſaid he, of being able to obtain his aſſent to this propoſal." With this view he intended to make a ſecond viſit to Ermenonville, of which he promiſed to acquaint me with the reſult. Alas! this viſit never took place; Rouſſeau having died before he was able to perform it. The name of this young man has wholly vaniſhed from my memory, but the following circumſtances will, perhaps, recal it to the remembrance of ſome of my readers.

He was, as I have already mentioned, a Knight of Malta; he had two eſtates, one in Picardy, and another in Normandy; he died of the ſmall pox, at Lyons, ſometime between July 1778, and the end of 1779, or very near that

period. His dying at Lyons, leads me to ſuppoſe, that either it was his ſettled place of reſidence, or that he had ſome near relations there.

Rouſſeau died on the ſecond of July, 1778. The report which certifies the manner and cauſe of his death, is dated on the third of that month. It concludes with the atteſtation of two ſurgeons, in theſe words—" *having ſeen and examined every part of the body, we are both of opinion, that the above-mentioned Mr. Rouſſeau has died of a ſerous apoplexy, and this we ſwear to be truth.*"

Rouſſeau, being a citizen of Geneva, and conſequently a proteſtant, could not participate in the Catholic forms of ſepulture. It was neceſſary that his remains ſhould be attended by perſons acquainted with the proteſtant rites of burial. My father-in-law, who was likewiſe a citizen of Geneva, and a proteſtant, was accordingly ſent for, and I accompanied him.

When

When we had reached Louvres, the neareſt ſtage to Ermenonville, the poſtilion went to demand the keys of the garden gates. The inn-keeper, whoſe name was Payen, came up to our carriage, and ſaid that he preſumed the unfortunate event of the death of Rouſſeau was the occaſion of our journey, "but who," added he, in a penetrating tone, "could have thought that Rouſſeau would have thus put an end to his own exiſtence?" We were thunderſtruck with this intelligence. We aſked by what means he had effected his own deſtruction? "He ſhot himſelf with a piſtol," replied he. We had not, till that moment, any ſuſpicion that his death was not natural. My heart bled at the information, but I muſt confeſs, that it did not excite my aſtoniſhment.

We arrived at Mr. Girardin's, and were received in the politeſt manner. We mentioned to him what Payen had told us. He appeared aſtoniſhed, and

ſhocked at the report. He warmly denied the truth of it, and entreated us with equal warmth, not to propagate it. He offered to ſhew me the body; and, without knowing whether I ſhould aſſent to his propoſal or not, he told me that Rouſſeau had been in the water cloſet, where he fell down and received a deep wound in his forehead. I refuſed to ſee it, both from motives of ſenſibility, and from an opinion that the ſpectacle was of little importance, whatever indications it might preſent. The interment took place on the the ſame evening, during the fineſt moonlight, and the moſt ſerene ſky. Think, reader, what were my feelings, as I entered the aiſle with the body.

The place—the brightneſs of the moon—the ſtillneſs of the air—the man himſelf—the tranſactions of his life—his uncommon deſtiny—the end which awaits us all—paſſed in melancholy ſucceſſion through my mind. But, what it dwelt upon longeſt, and with moſt complacency,

placency, was the thought that the unfortunate Rouſſeau, at length repoſed in peace,—dearly purchaſed it it true, but which there was no hope of his attaining in this life.

Being conſtantly attended by M. Girardin, whoſe politeneſs did not permit him to leave me, I had no opportunity of converſing with the ſervants of the houſe, or the inhabitants of the place. My father-in-law, however, told me that he had learned that in the morning of the day on which he died, Rouſſeau, inſtead of going to M. Girardin's, according to cuſtom, to give a leſſon to young Girardin, then an infant, went out to purſue his botanical amuſements, and carried home ſome herbs which he infuſed in his coffee.

Madame Rouſſeau aſſured me, that he preſerved his ſenſes to the laſt moment.

According to her account, he cauſed his window to be opened,—the day was delightful,—he fixed his eyes upon the gardens, and uttering a few words which

proved that his ſoul was as ſerene and pure as the air he breathed, he threw himſelf with confidence into the boſom of eternity. A repreſentation has been executed of him in this intereſting ſcene, accompanied with his laſt expreſſions.

Madame Girardin, on the other hand, told me, that being alarmed for his ſituation, ſhe flew to ſee him. Why do you come hither, ſaid Rouſſeau to her; your ſenſibility is not proof againſt a ſcene like this, and the cataſtrophe in which it muſt ſpeedily terminate. He conjured her to retire and to leave him alone. She obeyed, and ſcarcely had ſhe ſtepped out of the apartment, when ſhe heard the bolts ſhut, which prevented her from attempting to procure re-admiſſion.

Theſe are the only circumſtances of importance which I am able to recollect; but they are all moſt ſtrictly true. I have already ſtated, and I ſhould not think myſelf juſtifiable in concealing it, that Payen on the next day, or at moſt two days, after

ter the death of Rouſſean, told me that he had killed himſelf with a piſtol. It is difficult to ſuppoſe that Payen invented the ſtory. He had no intereſt in propagating it: he mentioned it the very moment he ſaw me, and the firſt moment is generally without precaution; it is then indeed that truth diſcovers itſelf and operates on the mind with its real force. The wound which the piſtol might be ſuppoſed to occaſion, was actually confirmed by M. Girardin; but he attributed it to a fall. The important fact, however, of his having a wound is omitted in the report of the ſurgeons, though they affirm that they examined *every part* of the body. It ſtates only that he died of a ſerous apoplexy. An apoplexy, according to my conception of it, deprives the body of its loco-motive, and the mind of its reaſoning powers. But on the ſuppoſition that Rouſſeau actually was in the water-cloſet, if he was not conducted to it, we have a proof that he was able to walk. If he was

con-

ducted to it; it is not very probable that he ſhould fall. From an accidental fit of illneſs men are not apt in general to inſer the certain approach of death. But the words which accompany the print of Rouſſeau, ſhews that he had not the ſmalleſt doubt reſpecting his fate. The diſmiſſal of Madam Girardin, whoſe ſenſibility he thought muſt have been overpowered with the cataſtrophe of the ſcene, is another evidence that Rouſſeau entertained a conſcious certainty of his ſpeedy diſſolution, a certainty which in my opinion does not well accord with the ſuppoſition of a ſerous apoplexy. Every thing leads me to believe that Rouſſeau reſolved to rid himſelf of a life which had become inſupportable to him. Let us further take into conſideration the imaginary enemies which haunted his mind both night and day, during the ſix weeks of his reſidence at M. Girardin's.—phantoms which ſprung very naturally from his diſordered brain, but to which his

his ardent preparations for ſpeedily departing from Ermenonville, prove that he aſcribed a real exiſtence. If to this be added the impatient and determined deſire of eſcaping from that reſidence, evinced in his communication to the young knight of Malta,—the impoſſibility of leaving it from the want of money and another aſſylum to retire to,—his repugnance to the idea of being ſurrounded by all the perſons in the houſe to oppoſe his departure, and above all, with the conſciouſneſs of his own timidity, to that of being obliged to anſwer their various objections,—it may reaſonably be inferred, not only that he deſtroyed himſelf, but that circumſtances irreſiſtibly impelled him to ſelf-deſtruction.

M. Girardin, however, denies that he committed ſuicide. But let us place ourſelves in his ſituation. He had invited Rouſſeau to live with him, with the ſole intention of promoting the happineſs of himſelf and his wife. There is not the

ſmalleſt

ſmalleſt reaſon to ſuppoſe that he did not uſe all poſſible means to accompliſh this object. Would it not then be extremely afflicting to him, not only to have failed of ſucceſs, but to have expoſed himſelf to the poſſible accuſation of being partly the occaſion of Roſſeau's unfortunate end? Is it not conſiſtent with human inclination, and very excuſeable to endeavour to throw a veil over the truth in ſuch caſes, eſpecially when the development of it can produce no mitigation of the evil? His denial and concealment of it are therefore very natural.

I am placed in different circumſtances from M. Girardin; and, I ſhould merit the reproach of others, and that of my own conſcience, were I to heſitate to declare without diſguiſe, what appears to me to be true. Rouſſeau belongs not alone to his perſonal friends, nor to the age in which he lived. He belongs to the whole literary world, to philoſophers and moraliſts, and alſo to poſterity, It is poſterity

rity that muſt decide upon his character; and its deciſion will be regulated by the general reſult of all the actions of his life. But "death" ſays Montaigne, "is only the laſt act of life." Rouſſeau was in every reſpect ſo extraordinary, and his productions have thrown ſo much celebrity on his character that he becomes an intereſting ſubject of meditation to philoſophers and moraliſts, whoſe labours conſtantly tend to explore the depths of the human heart, in order to explain its various contradictions. In Rouſſeau's conduct we find an additional book to ſtudy, from which we may perhaps derive as much benefit as from the peruſal of his other works.

Readers, if you ſhould now demand a poſitive anſwer to the queſtion, Did Rouſſeau voluntarily deſtroy himſelf? I would reply, I know not; but I believe he did. I have put you in poſſeſſion of all the facts and circuſtances reſpecting his death, that have reached my knowledge. I do

not

not mean to proceed farther; you will draw the concluſion for yourſelves. You are now as intimately acquainted with Rouſſeau as I am myſelf.

I am afraid, that from the earneſt deſire of intereſting my readers, my narrative has become too tedious, and that I have thus contributed to defeat my own purpoſe. If I have ſaid too much, I am far from having ſaid all that I ſtill remember. I have confined myſelf to what I conceived abſolutely neceſſary to the purpoſe in view. I have, on the contrary, been frequently apprehenſive that I have ſaid too little; for reſpecting ſuch a man as Rouſſeau, it is, in my opinion, far better to ſay too much than too little. Recalled to the times when I enjoyed his converſation, my mind took faſt hold of him a ſecond time, and delighted to detain him. My readers, I hope, will therefore favour me with a portion of their indulgence.

Duſſaulx

Duſſaulx has concluded his work with an apoſtrophe to the ſhade of Rouſſeau, I hope my readers will pardon me for introducing in this place that which I likewiſe compoſed during the proceſſion of the removal of Rouſſeau's aſhes to the Pantheon. It was the ſecond time I had followed his mortal remains, and I then thought I ſhould never after have occaſion to come before the public on his account. The preſent occaſion unexpectedly occurred; but it will moſt probably be the laſt.—I ſhall now terminate my recital with a teſtimony of mygrateful and affectionate regard for his memory.

Dejà vers les boſquets de l'heureux eliſée,
J'ai guidé tes manes errans;
Je le vois aujourd'hui du haut de l'empirée
Avec les Dieux partager notre encens.
Pour la derniere fois, ombre toujours trop chere,
Reçois mes vœux reconnoiſſans,
Par tes leçons mes enfans ont un pere,
Et moi pere, J'ai des enfans.

TRANSLATION

TRANSLATION.

Already to Elyſium's happy ſhore
Thy wand'ring manes have I mournful bore;
Now I behold thee 'midſt the gods enthron'd,
A juſt aſſociate in their incenſe owned!
Adieu! but firſt, O! ſhade for ever dear,
Accept the tribute of a grateful tear.
Theſe precepts formed to kindle virtue's fire,
To me gave children, and to them a ſire.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

EXTRACT FROM No. 272 OF THE JOURNAL DE PARIS.

2d Meſſidor, 6th Year of the French Republic.
20th June, 1798.

I HAVE already laid before the public ſome poſitive details reſpecting the character and death of J. J. Rouſſeau. The following is a letter addreſſed to me by his wife, in whoſe arms he breathed his laſt. My impartiality, and the deſire which I entertain in common with my readers to develope the whole truth, impel me to publiſh it without any alteration.

CORANCEZ.

Pleſſis-Belleville, 27 Prairial, 6th Year of the French Republic.
15th June, 1798.

CITIZEN,

THE account which you have publiſhed reſpecting the death of my huſ-

band, founded on ſome diſcourſe which you ſtate to have heard at an inn, has given me juſt cauſe of affliction. That death is at this moment, and will continue while I live, freſh in my memory; and I am ſtill able to deſcribe all the circumſtances which attended it. But before I proceed farther, you muſt receive from the widow of your friend the double reproach of having too long forgotten her, and of not conſulting her before you wrote concerning him.

On the day of my huſband's death, which was not the 2d but the 3d of July, 1778, he roſe at his uſual hour; but he did not go out that morning. He intended, however, to go to give a leſſon of muſic for the firſt time, to the elder Miſs Girardin. With this intention he made myſelf, or the ſervant, get ready the different articles neceſſary for dreſſing himſelf. We ſat down to breakfaſt; but he would eat nothing. He had dined on the preceding evening at the caſtle of Ermenonville,

menonville, and, whether it was owing to over-loading his ſtomach or not, he felt himſelf indiſpoſed on his return, As ſoon as breakfaſt was over, he told me that the lock-ſmith, who had put the doors of our place in a ſerviceable ſtate, had demanded payment. I went out to carry his money to him; I returned before ten, and was aſcending the ſtairs, when I heard the plaintive cries of my huſband. I ruſhed into the room, where I found him lying on the floor. I called aloud for aſſiſtance, but he deſired me to refrain, ſaying, that as I had returned myſelf, he had no occaſion for any other perſon. He then begged me to ſhut the door, and to open the windows. Having done ſo, I aſſiſted with all my ſtrength to put him to bed. I cauſed him to take a few drops of *l'eau de Carmes*. It was himſelf that poured out the drops. I then propoſed that he ſhould take a clyſter; he at firſt refuſed; but on my inſiſting a little, he gave his aſſent. I adminiſtered it according to

the beſt of my ability. When it began to operate, he came out of bed without my aſſiſtance, and went into the water-cloſet. I went after him, however, and took hold of his hands. At the moment when I thought him ſufficiently relieved, he fell forwards on the floor with ſuch force as to throw me down. I roſe up, and cried loudly for help; the door was ſhut. M. de Girardin (not Madam Girardin) who had a paſs-key for our apartment entered. I was covered over with the blood which flowed from the wound in my huſband's forehead. He expired with my hands claſped in his, and without ſpeaking a word.

I ſolemnly declare to you,—to my fellow-citizens, and to poſterity,—that my huſband died, in the manner which I have now deſcribed. He did not take poiſon in a cup of coffee; nor did he ſhoot himſelf through the head with a piſtol.

A very

A very ſhort time after my huſband's removal to Ermenonville, he began to entertain fears from his continuing to reſide there; and communicated them to me, in order to convince me of the neceſſity of our returning to Paris. Groundleſs as they appeared to me, I ſhall never forgive myſelf for my obſtinate perſiſtance in remaining at Ermenonville. Tears ſtream from my eyes at the remembrance of it. The earneſt intreaties of M. de Girardin, who often begged on his knees that I would not conſent to his return to Paris, and the neceſſity of paying over again the enormous expence which attended our removal, have appeared to me but feeble excuſes, ſince his death.

No ſooner was my huſband dead, than, forgetful of all he had ſaid to me, I abandoned myſelf to the direction of the man [M. Girardin] who earneſtly requeſted the management of my affairs. I gave him all the ready money in the houſe.

houſe. I permitted him to take poſſeſſion of his manuſcripts on Botany, his muſical pieces, and every article of our property.

With the rapidity of an eagle in its flight, this man haſtened to Geneva, and without ever conſulting me, without allowing me time to recover myſelf, diſpoſed of all my effects, for bills of exchange, which were never paid to me, but which I have ſince negociated for an annuity for life.

I ought not to omit informing you, that the money which I gave him, on condition of maintaining me for the remainder of my life, has been repaid to me in aſſignats.

To the widow of your friend—the widow of *Jeau Jacques Rouſſeau*—there remains no other ſource of ſubſiſtence, than a ſmall life-rent from ſome private perſons at Geneva, which is but ill-paid, and a penſion of 1500 livres, granted by the nation, but which is five years in arrear,

arrear, and is now placed in the liſt of the penſions and annuities of the great book. She lives in a cottage, deſtitute of almoſt every thing.

I conclude with requeſting, that you will remember me to your ſpouſe.

MARIA THERESA LEVASSEUR.

WIDOW OF J. J. ROUSSEAU.

EXTRACT FROM NO. 318 OF THE JOURNAL DE PARIS.

18th Thermidor, 6th Year of the French Republic.
5th Auguſt, 1798.

Anſwer of Citizen Rene Girardin, to thoſe paſſages which allude to him, in a letter from the widow of J. J. Rouſſeau, inſerted in No. 272 of the Journal de Paris.

Rouſſeau's

ROUSSEAU's widow was left, at the death of her husband, with an annuity of 300 livres, payable by Michael Rey, bookseller in Amsterdam.

My exertions procured for her, in addition to this sum. 1st. 1200 livres of yearly interest, upon a capital of 24000 livres, produced by a general edition of Rousseau's Works, and vested in the funds of the typographical society of Geneva.

2dly. From 3 to 4000 livres of ready money, the produce of various articles.

3dly. 700 livres of yearly interest, upon a capital of 14000 livres, which she voluntarily left in my hands, but which she afterwards forced me by her pressing solicitations, and in consequence of a deed of assignment executed before Gibert, Notary at Plessis Belleville, on the 6th April, 1792, to make complete payment of, to Citizens Bally and Duval.

RENE GIRARDIN, the Elder.